in imagination, and to few is given opportunity to turn imagination into fact. Most of us must perforce take the south road out of the little town, holding on through Faaa until we hit the Punaruu in the district of Punaauia.

It is a lovely road and full of memories. We run along the edge of Papeete bay and look back at the clustering houses, the wharves, the schooners and the ship-yards, all nestling at the foot of the hills. With luck there will be no mail steamer in the harbour, but maybe some white-winged island craft driving in from the Paumotus or the Mar-quesas, laden visibly with nothing more romantic than copra, but with a packet of pearls in the super-cargo's cabin. Anyway, we mount a little rise quickly enough and swing round a corner that blots Papeete out. I am never sorry. Pause a little and look at the new view, earnest of how much more to come 1

At sea, shimmering in the heat of

the sun, lies Moorea, the 'Moorea which one wise man of my acquaintance refused ever to visit for he said that to tread her veritable shore would be to dispel the magic of a dream. He was right, for Moorea is

• one of the most perfect of all the South Sea islands.